This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is a **Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.** (Eight Claims already Paid.)

Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. X.—No. 492.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893. [ONE PENNY.

END OF THE SEASIDE TOUR.

"The strain and anxiety occasioned by looking after Poor Pa during the seaside tour has at last proved too much for Mamma, and she has collapsed. Several physicians have, in fact, ordered her removal to the south of France; but Dad thinks Penzance quite far enough. Unfortunately, though, Papa, who had constructed a sort of litter for Mamma's especial benefit, had quite overlooked the fact that she is not the slight and fragile creature of years gone by; consequently, when the bottom of the litter gave way, Mamma's life was only saved by her having become fixed in the framework."—TOOTSIE.

SEASONABLE LOCAL PRESS CUTTINGS.

From the *Slocum Gazette*—"Remarkable Instance of Animal Sagacity: A goose, the property of Farmer Twistem, was on Wednesday last observed wandering about attired in deep mourning. Its demise, it appears, had been fixed for the following Friday. Intense excitement prevails in the neighbourhood."

From the *Pedlington Chronicle*—"Extraordinary Display of Local Wit: A field hand, named Joseph Miller, on being yesterday dismissed by his employer, observed, 'Yer say I ain't worth my salt! P'r'aps that accounts for my not bein' able to afford meat since I've bin on this 'ere job!' Strenuous efforts are being made to get him another place."

GOOD OLD GOW!

Gow and his companions in crime, having murdered the captain, mate, surgeon and supercargo, of the *George* galley, painted out the name, rechristened the ship the *Revenge*, and started as pirates at war with the whole world. But seemingly, in the best of good old times, the course of piracy did not always run smooth, and the would-be boy pirate of 1893 might study Captain Gow's adventures with advantage.

The first prize they took was an English sloop, loaded with fish of various kinds. They took some cables and sails, made the crew prisoners, and sank the cargo. The next prize was a Scotch boat, with bloaters and dried salmon. This was of little use to them, but they took the arms, ammunition and clothes, and making the crew prisoners, sank this vessel also. They cruised ten days after this without seeing a ship of any kind. They then caught sight and gave chase to a French vessel, which, however, perceiving their meaning, crowded from them with all the sail they could make. The chase lasted three days and nights, when the pirates lost the prize in a fog. After a long and wearisome cruise, they being now without wine or spirits, and short of water and provisions, they fell in with a New England ship with a cargo of staves, which was of no value to them, and they began to be very much down in the mouth.

They gave this last prize to some of their prisoners, and

so got rid of them. Their last prize turned out to be a Bristol ship, with another load of fish, at which they were much disgusted. On the day before they had come across a French ship, which, being apparently superior in force in every way, Gow refused to attack. The best part of the men were of his mind; but Williams, his lieutenant, a desperate ruffian, flew into a great rage, and denounced Gow as a coward. "Williams," we read, "was a fellow incapable of any solid thinking, had a kind of a savage, brutal courage, but nothing of true bravery in him, and this made him the most desperate and outrageous villain in the world."

One of Gow's reasons for declining the fight was that they had so many prisoners on board the pirate, but Williams suggested having them all called up one by one, cutting their throats, and throwing them overboard, a proposal so horrible that the worst of the crew shook their heads at it. Carried away by passion, Williams presented a pistol at Gow and snapped it, but it did not go off. Two of the pirates standing nearest to Williams, "and seeing him so furious, flew at him immediately, and each fired a pistol at him. One shot him through the arm, and the other in the stomach, at which he fell, and the men about laid hold of him to throw him overboard, believing him to be dead; but as they lifted him up, he started violently out of their hands, leaped into the hold, and from thence ran to the powder-room, with his pistol cocked in his hand, swearing he would blow them all up, and had certainly done it had they not seized him just as he had got the scuttle open, and was that moment going to put his hellish resolution in practice."

This wretch's conduct to the poor prisoners had been horribly cruel, and he frequently beat them unmercifully, "for his diversion, as he called it." When they brought him up on deck next day, heavily ironed, he begged they would throw him into the sea and drown him, and then begged for his life with a meanness that made them despise him. "Williams was a monster rather than a man, so savage, so villainous, so merciless, that the pirates themselves told him it was time he was hanged out of the way," and they put him on board the Bristol boat, with orders that he was to be given up to justice, and with many a hearty curse at parting, wished him a good voyage to the gallows.

Disheartened by their bad luck, they now made for the Orkney Islands, where they robbed a house belonging to the sheriff of the county. Their bad luck clung to them still, for the sheriff's wife made her escape with several bags full of gold in her apron, and her daughter jumped out of window with some bonds of great value. A quantity of plate the pirates, however, secured, and forced one of the servants, who played well on the bagpipes, to march along piping before them when they carried their plunder to the ship.

But of the manner of their final capture, quite a romance in itself, we will give the particulars in our next.

* * * * * *

LAITEST FROM THE CRIPILL'S OME.

thinggs ar propper badd.
the subscrippshins ang fier.
taties e rote jon smith, no. 1 mildoo plais, 1 poun.
billiam e cal at the ous bi accidint, an smith see iss naim. biliam's wardrobe sins then iss in tatters, an biliam wawk laim.

(Next week, "A Good Catch.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

Just the same, of course, F. BALLARD; *You had better take your choice. In that matter,* C. E. CLARKSON, SLOPER *hasn't any voice. It was altered,* COUNTRY COUSIN, *Over eighteen months ago. Thanks for letter,* BERTIE HARRILD; ALLY *really doesn't know. You should send a stamp,* MALONEY. *Surely you can read the rules. Right you are, indeed,* HAVANAH, SLOPER'S *ardour never cools. Sorry that your sketches,* TASSO. *We must, with our thanks, decline. All are really very clever, But they're hardly in our line. Probably you could, with trouble. It's an awful fag though,* DICK. *Much obliged, indeed,* THE NIPPER; *He must be a little brick. Is it possible,* MISS JANET, *So much ignorance prevails? Many thanks for wishes,* JARVEY. SLOPER, WILLUN, *never fails. Difficult to judge,* A READER, *They are rather mixed at times. You'd discover,* TRUSTING JEMMY, *They had fled to other climes.*

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

Forwarded to any part of the World, Sarawak and Bechuanaland excepted, post free:

3 Months, 1s. 8d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d.; 12 Months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.'s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL,
"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Weekly Contents Bills and Show Cards will be sent post free to Newsagents on application.

PARIS

On sale at all Kiosques and Booksellers', at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our

PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

EIGHT CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.

—£150—

Will be paid to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED *a copy of the current issue of* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident.* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" *is published throughout the United Kingdom every Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 1 o'clock the following Wednesday afternoon.*

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD

Brown. I suppose you'll give instructions to the police to keep a special eye on the house whilst you're away?
Smith. No need for that, my boy; the man on the beat is in love with our cook.

***

Overheard in the Strand.
First Mummer. I hear you and Spoofem took *Faust* on tour.
Second Mummer. Yes, he was manager.
First Mummer. Quite so, and you played the devil, I suppose?
Second Mummer. I did, and so did he—with the receipts.

***

HE doth our pity keen deserve,
In his unhappy plight,
Who by a sudden gust has lost
His one and only light.

***

En route to College.
Greenhorn Simple. And who do you suppose I shall "chum with," as you term it, when I get to college?
Sharply Bouncer. Let me see; I should say Tom Brown. I think he's the biggest fool we've got—*at present.*

***

THERE is one thing that should always be remembered by gentlemen going in for equestrianism, which is that if you don't break your horse, your horse will very probably break you, and just in the neighbourhood of the neck, too.

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 492.—The "Ilfracombe Bathing" Costume.

Awful accident at the great William Tell feat, by Mons. A. SLOPER, the champion moon-shooter.

"Is your hair wet, Mr. Stoneybroke?" "No. Why?" "'Cos I heard pa say you couldn't keep your head above water

First Fair One. They say Mr. Trotter is much taken with you.
Second Fair One. Oh, no, he's not—I refused him yesterday.

"Nothing succeeds like success." "Dot was all wrong, Iky—noting succeeds like failures. mein boy, and blenty of 'em."

THE "CLOCKING" ON THE STOCKING.

Voice from the "gods." Say, miss, what's the time by your *clocks!*

THERE is nothing like being up to date in these go-ahead times; and the man who can supply the long-felt want can always rake in the prices. The enterprising Johnnie who has started making patent black-rubber soled boots, guaranteed not to wake the old Dutch as the wearer climbs up the staircase at two a.m., is turning over his thousands weekly. It's a lovely idea!

***

Sam. I say, old man, you couldn't let me have that quid you borrowed of me the other day, could you? I'm a bit short myself, and er——
Tom. Very sorry, my dear chap, but—er—I took my girl out to the theatre last night, and——
Sam. Say no more, old man, say no more. Er—would half a crown be of any use to you for immediate necessities?

***

How rarely now we meet a man
Who does not swear that he
Is losing ev'ry *sou* he's got
As fast as fast can be.

***

Languid Beauty. Do give me your advice, dear. What shall I do to get rid of this man? He will not take no for an answer, and he's worrying me morning, noon and night.
Married Friend. The best thing you can do, my dear, is to marry him, and then, after a month, you'll only see him at breakfast-time.

***

Mistress. Sarah, I will not have you talking so long to the baker every afternoon; he wastes his time and yours, too. I know you give him some encouragement.
Sarah. Oh, no, mum! nothing but the cold mutton, mum, occasionally, I'm sure.

***

Employer. Johnson, this is about the twentieth time I've had to say I will not have the work done in this manner. (*Significantly.*) Mind, now! I shan't speak to you again about it.
Clerk (*cheerfully*). That's all right, sir—I'm glad to hear that. I fancied you'd get tired of it soon, sir. Now we shall get along nice and comfortably.

***

First Pretty Dear. Well, of course, dear, you know best, but I wouldn't have had him at any price. Why, to my knowledge, he has proposed to some six or seven other girls.
Second Pretty Dear. Oh, yes, dear, so he told me! but that was only rehearsing, so as to be able to do it more gracefully to me.

***

NOT long ago, at Rotterdam, in a certain hotel, a picture was exhibited, to which was attached a notice which was originally inscribed, "This Picture's for Sale," that had been altered by some wiseacre to, "These Picture for Sale," which, in turn, had given way to, "These Picture for Sail."

***

Binks. And so she refused you, eh, old fellow? Too bad of her, eh?
Banks. Refused me? Yes—treated me like so much dirt, I assure you.
Binks. Ah! just so; like so much *refuse* would be more correct, wouldn't it?
[*And when Banks saw it at last, didn't he let fly, you bet!*

***

"WILL you for life to me be tied?"
Was the young man's suggestion.
"That is, I think," the maid replied,
"A very knotty question."

***

Brown. I hear that young Slipry has turned over a new leaf since he came out of prison, and means to run straight.
Nowall. Don't you believe it. Why, he has turned advertisement canvasser.

***

Wife. Will you order four tons of coal, dear, please?
Husband. Coal? More coal? Why, we only had some in a month ago. Surely we don't want any more yet.
Wife. Oh, no, dear! but I thought if I began asking you for it now, you would remember to order it about Christmas-time, when we shall want some more.

***

Naylor. Just met Plunger, and he tells me he's broke.
Taylor. That's funny; I saw him this morning, and he'd no pieces then.

***

THE other morning, after bidding farewell to a parting guest, the host suddenly remembered an important message he had to give him, and, opening the door again, quickly rushed after him down the street, calling, "Hi, Jones! Hi! Stop!" His friend heard at last, and, slackening speed, turned round as the other came up with him, and remarked, "Awfully sorry, old man—er—but took the liberty of borrowing your umbrella; and—er—*only fancy your finding it out so jolly soon!*"

***

Young Sharpshins. Why are the better bound copies of a book called the *edition de luxe?*
Old Sharpshins. Because it *luxe* better than the others, I suppose.

***

Nipper. The worst of a sea voyage is that it is so awfully monotonous.
Napper. Why, yes; couldn't very well be otherwise, for, when you're on a ship, you're always a-*board*, you know.

***

"THAT'S a trifling matter," as the cook said when she tripped over the mat and upset the tipsy cake on to the dining-room carpet.

***

Jones. How are you, old man? I hear your wife's mother is dangerously ill. Is the worst over yet?
Smith. Yes, I am happy to say that the worst is over. The doctor says she cannot possibly live.

***

FOR eight hours work, eight sleep,
And eight hours play;
And you'll have well
Divided up your day.

***

Codger. The amount of ignorance that I discovered in Mudlandshire was simply lamentable.
Bodger. I am surprised at that, considering the training of the inhabitants.
Codger. Training, sir? What do you mean? They are nearly all farmers' labourers.
Bodger. Just so; and as such have, of course, been brought up in *a-Greek-culture.*

***

"I SHALL want my boots cleaned again, please," said Stoneyman to his landlady, the other morning. "I've been taking an early walk in the park, and they're all over dew." "Then, sir," said that worthy lady, "in that respect they resemble your payments;" and, with the trotter-cases in her hand, she made a triumphant exit, and left Stoneyman to think it over quietly.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

LARKS.

Full of Funny Pictures and Side-Splitting Reading.

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TOOTSIE AT ILFRACOMBE.

YES, dears, here we are, and it is our last week by the briny. Supposing we had our holiday to have again, I wonder whether we could enjoy ourselves any better than we have done? I doubt it. I, for one, shall be glad to be at home again.

From bad to worse.

Not that I have anything particular to say against Ilfracombe, which is, in its way, a very nice sort of place, with its crowded Capstone Parade, and its popular concerts in the "Cucumber Frame"; its rides and drives, and scrambling uphill walks; its cider, cream, and junket.

Its bathing arrangements are peculiar, and its sands are not its strong point. Still, you can be very jolly at Ilfracombe—IF you have pleasant company. All seaside places have their staunch supporters, who, in the past, have spent a jolly time at one or the other, and still return, in the hope of renewing those pleasant days gone for ever. As I look back at the trips of the past, I remember well how Bob and I wrangled at Ramsgate, moped at Margate, fought at Folkestone, and hated each other at Hastings. We are bickering at Ilfracombe, and we shall be glad when we get home again.

Says Augustus Mayhew, in an article on the seaside, "Find out some pleasant little village nestling among the rocks, where fishermen live and bare-legged children run about, and then taste the joys of primeval existence on a first floor at three guineas a week; and listen to the laughter of ragged urchins—poor, ignorant things!—who consider you mad, because you wear delicately-tinted gloves and pearl powder the sun-scorched tip of your noble nose. Let every girl bring a scientific hammer with her, and study geology; and, if you gain no science, you may help to mend the roads and get hungry."

Well, what I say is, "Bother the seaside"; and, as I previously observed, I shall be glad to get back to London town once more, for the theatres and halls. As to the Dook Snook and Billy, I don't think either of them is altogether sorry. Bob, it must be owned, is scarcely a genial host, and rarely neglects to inform his guests what the bill totals up to. In town Billy lives with his mother, and with the half-crown pocket-money she allows him, and what he makes by picking up odd coppers off the mantel-piece the old lady has left there and forgotten, he does not do at all badly, considering. As for the Dook Snook, he makes something at whist at his club, where he generally plays with very young men. To the same young men he acts as guide, philosopher and friend, and, when they would see something of London life, buys stalls and boxes for them, finds them out the pleasantest and least economical of West-end restaurants, and there dines at the dear boys' expense, himself ordering the repast and wines.

Billy's latest freak.

There are times, as at present, it is true, when the club is in the hands of the white-washers, and the dear boys are away on the moors, and then the Dook is a little put to it, and on "dining days" seeks out mysterious establishments round about Soho and Fitzroy Square, where weird dishes, wrapt in mystery and reeking with garlic, are consumed by him with evident relish. We have ascertained that the Dook is much behind with the rent of his lodgings, and has borrowed a good bit of his landlady, who never worries him, believing that his intentions are matrimonial.

The last days at Ilfracombe have been days of trial to the Dook and Billy. The former is strongly suspected of having picked up a few halfpence by wheeling invalid old ladies in the place of the regular chairman, taken ill. He is also suspected of never having returned with the change for sixpence the last old lady, who had intended to give him a halfpenny for himself, had sent him for.

A last look.

We were rather surprised the day before yesterday to find that Billy had joined the Salvationists as drummer, but regretted afterwards to learn that there had been some dispute about his day's wage and a hole in the drum.

And this is the last evening of our stay here. The sunset was, surely, never fuller of golden glory, nor the sea so tinged with rippling gold. But, what is that? A chill wind that makes one shudder. No, I don't want to stop. I want to get home again as quickly as ever I can.

THE AFTER EFFECTS.

WHEN, after a somewhat lengthy bout of sickness, Solomon Blumberghausenheimer (than whom there was no more respected dealer in the cast-off garments of the Gentile in the whole of Petticoat Lane) returned to his accustomed haunts, loud and sincere were the felicitations which his Hebrew brethren heaped upon him.

But his eyes were still reddened and hollow, his face was thin, and there was a general air of soreness about him, as if he had slipped down a lift-shaft unexpectedly. As he passed the corner of Fried Fish Alley, a particularly intimate friend rushed up, and, clutching both his hands, exclaimed:

"Vot! can me eyes be a-deceivin' of me—no! Vy, Mister Blumberghausenheimer, I'm delighted to see yer. 'Ow are yer? And vat's been the matter vith yer?"

"Ikey," he replied, slowly and deliberately, "if I tell yer, yer mustn't tell a livin' soul. I had de measles, but don't ver go and say anyding about it outside, pecause of Marky Lazarus, vot's got that shop oppersite to mine, vill dell der people dat my whole stock drowsers und goats vas full of de measles—und den I sha'n't get a plessed soul inside o' th' shop—and ye can't sell much nowadays on the bavement. Pesides, I don't vant my friends to 'ear dat I ha'f been sick mit bapy dings, or else dey'll gome here und laugh for a veek o' Sabbaths. Ven de doctor tolt me dat I had der measles, I feeled so ashamed of myself to tink of it—I feeled more ashamed, I tink, dan dat time ven I vas caught vit fourteen trumps at solo—shust tink of a man ofer fifty years of age, mit a bald head and bunions, being shpeckled all ofer like a turkey egg mit bimples. I dinks about de pest ting for me to do vas to run out in der street und stay vit der little chiltren as my brober blace."

"I vas told vunce, Solly," remarked the Job's comforter, "dat ven a *man* hafs de measles dat it nefer goes avay mitout leaving some bad behind it. Dit it leave you vit anytings?"

"Oh, mother o' Moses! I should think it *did!* It leaves me vith dat dat haunts me vhen I'm avake and vakens me out o' my sleep. It leaves me vith vat's vorse than all the ills that flesh is 'eir to, vith that vitch upset my dinner of a day and ruined my appetite completely—it left me. Ikey, vith hallaf a sovereign on a horse for the Cesarevitch, vhat had a good chance vhen I vas vell, but vent wrong vhilst der fever vas upon me. And dere I vas, und all through the measles I cou'dn't get out of it. Vhy, if I'd only been *partly* vell—vell enuff to get a look at the *Sporting Life*, and see if it vas goin' wrong—vy, I might ha' got it off on the doctor or vin o' the nurses! Ah! Ikey, the measles is a *'orrible* disease—you never know, as you say, vot it leaves yer vith!"

LATENT EGOTISM.

You say there's naught, in what you say.
Of self-opinion, when
About the mellow laugh of May
Your rhodomonts you pen.
But tell me when you first felt proud
Of her laughter's silvery tone!
'Twas when she chortled long and loud
At some sally of your own.

You say there's naught, in what you say,
Of shallow self-conceit,
What time you call the gait of May
So graceful and so sweet.
But what first made you praise her free
Deportment? Tell me whether
'Twas not the thought that you and she
Were a handsome pair together!

You say there's naught, in what you say,
Of secret self-esteem,
When making of the eyes of May
A transcendental theme.
But would your darling's orbs be deemed
So brilliant, bright, and bonnie,
If not on you they, love-lit, beamed,
But on some other Johnnie?

LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.

HE stood in the vestibule of one of the principal hotels at Margate. He had paid his bill, the "boots" had packed and strapped his portmanteau, and the manager had sent for the fly that was to take him to the station.

"Well, let's 'ope we shall see you down again *nex'* year, sir," observed the obese landlord, rubbing his hands as he approached the departing guest.

"Very kind of you, no doubt, Mr. Ragontompkins," replied the middle-aged bachelor, sadly, "but I've done with Margate after this journey."

"Dear, dear! how's that?"

"I'll tell you, sir—truthfully and candidly. I've stayed at this hotel for my fortnight's holiday for the last thirteen years, and, as you know, a person who can do that kind of thing in Margate can't be easily troubled by bugs. But, in all my experience, I never did come across such go-ahead bugs as you've got here this year!"

"Dear, dear! how do they differ from the others?"

"In enterprise, Mr. Ragontompkins."

"Enterprise, sir?"

"I said enterprise—genuine pushing enterprise, and unflagging and untiring energy. The first time I stopped here, sir—that was in August, '80—they nearly ate me up. Well, when I got back, the doctor from the Islington Vestry was very near running me into the Fever Hospital on suspicion that I had small-pox—they'd spotted me so. The next trip, I thought I'd "get it up" for the ravenous ruffians. I brought a hammock down with me, and swung it clean across the room; but, hang me! if they didn't climb up the very walls, and shuffled along the rope till they got to the coveted banquet! This put me on my mettle, so to speak, and I determined to master them. On the following August—goodness knows how many young fellows they'd devoured in the meantime!—I swung the hammock again, *but tarred the ropes!* and so thousands of the little devils got stuck, and failed to reach their destination. But it was no go."

"Legs too long, eh? Waded through it?"

"No; they didn't manage *that*. But they crawled up the walls, and out on to the ceiling, till they got just over me—and then they dropped.

"When the first lot struck me, I felt almost wild enough to get up and pull the house down. However, I smothered my feelings—didn't say anything to you. But the next night, when I turned in, I had an india-rubber suit on that covered everything but my mouth—a second-hand suit of Captain Boyton's that I picked up cheap. You may not believe it, but it's a fact, sure as I stand here, that those enterprising little wretches crawled into my mouth, and out through my nostrils under the suit, and got in their terrible work—as usual. Now, I give it up. Such tact and enterprise as that can't be successfully reckoned with—at least, not by an ordinary mortal man."

"Oh! well, don't desert us, sir. Tell you what I'll do. Say that you'll not discontinue your patronage, and, against you come down here *next* summer, I'll get a suit of tin underclothes to fit you, made with a helmet that will cover your face, and punch very small holes over the mouth to breathe through. That'll settle 'em, I'll bet!"

The middle-aged man reflected a little, and replied:

"Not it, Mr. R., not it—no more good than a fly-net."

"No?"

"No. Why, by the second night, the darned schemers would be even with you, and every cussed bug in the house would be going for me with a sardine-tin opener!"

A PIOUS DECEPTION.

"HIP, hip, hurrah! Mother, sis, listen to this:

"'The editor of the *Meteor* presents his compliments to Mr. Cecil Blair, and has much pleasure in accepting his story, "The Way of the World." The editor will be pleased to consider further contributions.'"

Congratulating Cecil.

Sister Jess clapped her hands with joy; her mother wiped her spectacles and kissed the lad.

Cecil's heart swelled with gratified ambition. At last his foot was fixed on the ladder of fame. Not far ahead he saw comfort and ease for his mother and Jess; for himself, fame and fortune.

Poor Cecil! Six months later the editor of the *Meteor* said to his sub., as he threw across the table to him the typescript of Cecil's story:

"I say, Brownlow, we must chuck that young fellow, Blair. I thought there was something in him, but he seems to have written himself right out already. However, let this one go in, at any rate."

Cecil had not written himself out: the deterioration of his work was due to prostration, caused mostly by overwork. Hardly had his last screed been despatched to the *Meteor* office when he was stricken down with a sharp attack of enteric fever.

Through all his delirium the poor lad's mind was running on his work; in fact, his anxiety in this respect was fuel to the fire of his malady. As he lay tossing on his bed, he would babble of nothing but his journalistic work, the name he was going to make for himself, and the money he was going to make for his family. In vain was it for his mother to try and pacify him.

It was at this juncture that Jessie Blair faced the situation. Their means were more than ordinarily straitened by her brother's illness; there was more going out, less coming in. How was it to end?

There, on his desk, lay the first few sheets of her brother's next story. Jessie would not have told him so for worlds, but it seemed to read so lamely and drearily. Yes; his illness creeping on him gradually had affected his work—she was sure of it.

She took up a pen.

Now, if she had had the writing of the story she would have done this and that, would have left out that character altogether, would have introduced such and such a situation, as for instance——

Thus musing she took up a pen and went on writing, writing, writing. Her pen flew away with her—right away from the real world to that unreal one she had conjured up for awhile. She lived, moved and communed with the creations of her fancy.

She laid down her pen. The work was finished: she had written a story—she, Jessie Blair, of whom everybody spoke as "that rather dull sister of clever young Blair." She wondered what would happen if she got it type-written and sent it to the *Meteor*. Money was scarce; Cecil would want a breath of sea-air after this illness. She would chance it.

"By Jove, Brownlow!" said the chief, a day or so later. "I'm precious glad we didn't stop young Blair; his last story is a clinker, both for plot and style. Drop him a line for some more of the same kind, only twice as long."

In the meantime, things were going very badly, hardly any money in the house, and very little on which to raise. Tradesmen, in fact, were daily clamouring for the payment of their bills.

Cecil's mother was opening his letters during his illness. Jessie's delight even at the flattering request from the *Meteor* was eclipsed by the ecstasy of a spontaneous commission from the *Planet* for a series of stories. She set her shoulder to the wheel; commissions flowed in daily; people began to talk of Cecil Blair, the young fellow who was coming so rapidly to the front.

Jessie confessed her deception.

One day, a telegram from the editor of the *Meteor* arrived at the little villa at Sydenham, requesting Cecil's immediate attendance. It would, at that moment, have been impossible for him to have walked across his room. A pale, anxious-looking girl was ushered into the editorial room. Then and there, Jessie confessed her pious deception.

"I told you so, Brownlow," said the chief, triumphantly. "The styles were absolutely distinct. We wanted a special story, Miss Blair, from your brother's pen—or, rather, from yours." Then, after Jessie had departed, he said, "That girl is not only the smartest pen on our staff, but she's as good a sister as ever lived. I wonder if she'd be as good a wife!"

A year has passed since then, and he has come to the conclusion that she is—and he ought to know!

"Thought you said, Brown, you enjoyed nothing better than a day's yachting?"

"Does your little boy bathe?" "Oh, no, I will never allow him to go into the water until he can swim."

"I only bequest to my son my snuff-box and my portrait by Daubster."

"Have endeavoured to attract one or two sprigs of the nobility in the park; but, in spite of false hair, etc., 'tis in vain. Shall have to take to the variety stage before securing a husband." *Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

**** *Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

No. 306.—MISS NELLIE NAPIER.

"Love such as mine for ever will endure." —*The Dook Snook.*

"Oh, that kind Fate would bid her smile on me." —*Lord Bob.*

"Such peerless beauty must enrapture all." —*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

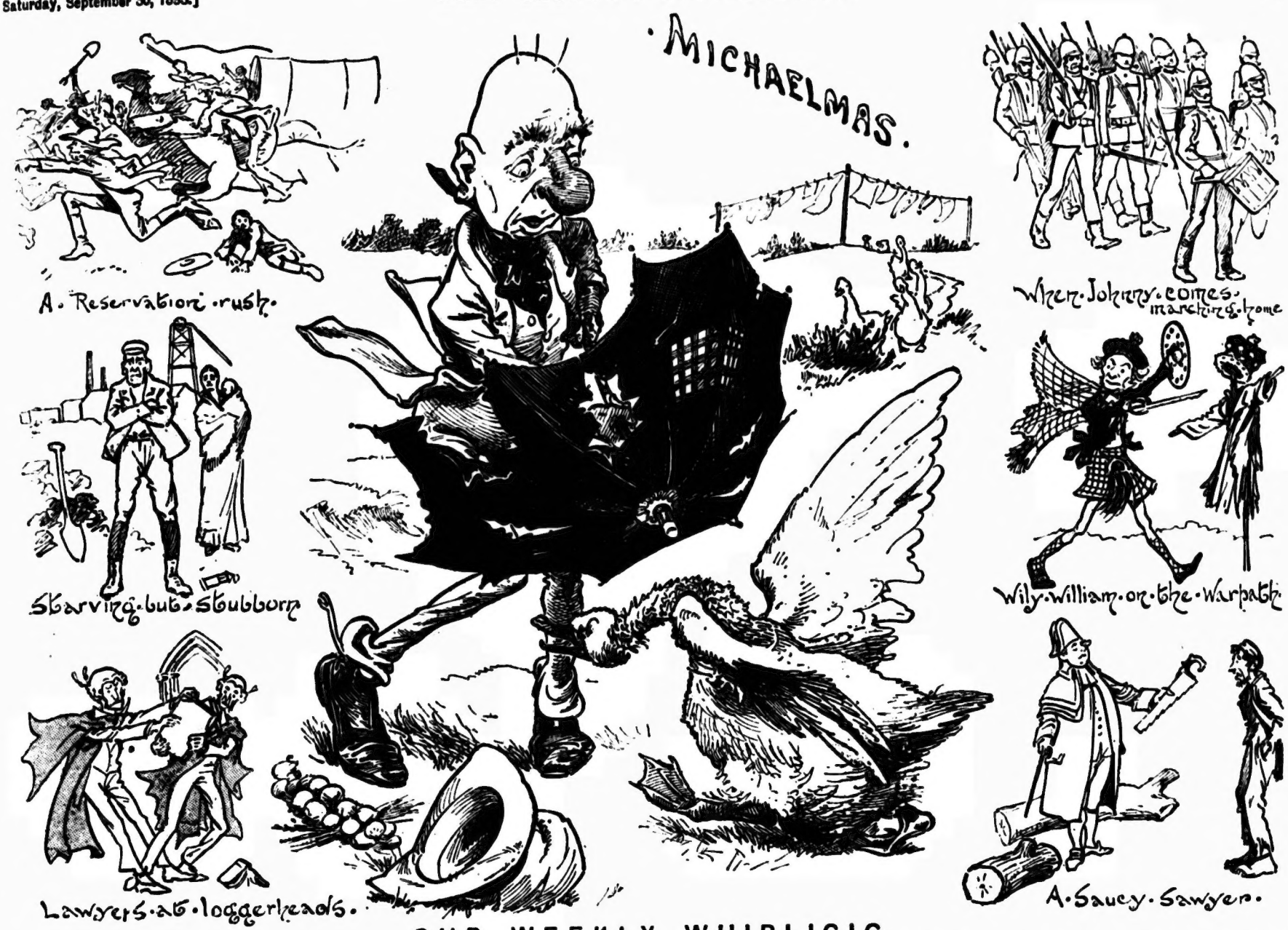
It was after paying a visit to the revived *Mascotte* at the Gaiety that A. SLOPER made up his mind to interview without further delay Miss Kate Vaughan. He had been waiting, hoping against hope, to see her dance again on the London boards. "Come what may, I must and will interview her!" he sighed—for the Old Man was thinking of the grand old times at the Gaiety when the Sacred Lamp was kept brightly burning by the wonderful four—Terry, Royce, Farren, and Vaughan; and now our only Nelly—A. SLOPER'S and everybody else's sweet Nell—is still resting, and glorious, lovely-eyed Kate turned comedienne! "Oh, Miss Vaughan!" cried A. SLOPER, entering that lady's boudoir and throwing himself at her feet, "where, oh, where——" "Mr. SLOPER," said Miss Vaughan, "rise, I beg of you." "Certainly," replied the Eminent, getting up with relief, being out of practice in kneeling (he always says his prayers in bed); "let's see, where was I? Oh, I know, —where, oh, where may we see thee again demonstrating the poetry of motion? 'Tis true we have serpentine, butterfly, and surprise dances; but where"—here he got excited—"can we find the gal with the ethereal grace of thee, Kathleen? NOWHERES! Kate—do let me call you Kate. I thank you."——(1) "Kate, oh, Kate, Maritana's black legs haunt me still."——(2) "And then your Morgiana—Morgy, as sweet Nell used to call thee—was a thing to dream about—and *was* dreamt about, you bet. Oh, we were a merry family in those happy days!"——(3) "Then Badroulbadour! as you entered with that feather-trimmed dress of yours—the first time terra-cotta and light blue was worn on the stage, by the way—you looked every inch a princess. How I envied Teddy Royce as you waltzed together to the delightful air of 'My Queen.'—My Queen—ha!"——(4) "And dost call to mind Lili's sabots in *Blue Beard?*"——(5) "And when, as Amy Robsart, you showed what you could do in other walks of the drama, 'pon my soul, I felt a pang, for then I guessed, and rightly too——" "When you have quite finished, my dear Mr. SLOPER," broke in Miss Vaughan, sweetly, "perhaps you will begin to interview me." But the Old Man's heart was too full. "Not now, not now, Kate," said he, wiping away a tear.

McPARRITCH CATCHES FIRE.

(1) McParritch has been indulging lately, and spontaneous combustion is the result.

(2) This is not a comet, but Parritch taking the short cut to the lock.

(3) And the Elder remarked from a distance, "Dear me, there's a red-hot gaspipe out for a beanfeast."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ever ready at the call of duty, the world's champion Showman once more greets his friends and patrons. The show this week, ladies and gentlemen, is calculated to make your hair curl. It's real nice, as the Yanks say, or real jam, to use a more Cockneyfied phrase. On we go:—*The settlers start at merry pace; The first one in will win the race:—Starving, but stubborn, the strikers will Form targets for the soldiers' skill:—We here behold a legal feud; One lawyer by another sued:—Quarter Day and geese combined Make the Old Man feel unkind:—Cheered up by both the drum and fife, The soldiers lead a happy life:—"Down with the House of Lords!" says Bill; "I represent the people's Will!":—Two paupers gay their work don't like, So, for a time, they're out on strike.*—Adieu, my friends, but not farewell. We shall meet again in a week's time, and then look out for something startling.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

THE COMING SEASON.
"Now, then, none of your little games."

THE TIFF.
And all because *he* would insist that sizes in gloves were too small for her.

Nasty Sister. Oh, come, George, you're not short-sighted—at least, when you sing duets with *me!*

SHE'S GOT HIM ON A STRING.
A sad dog, quiet, good-natured, answers to the name of Algy.

A "NEAR" RELATION.
Mr. Lifter. Dunderhead, ole man, you've been as good as a father to me. 'Ere, now, could you lend me a fiver on my note of hand?
Mr. Dunderhead. Hum! Guess I'd rather be an uncle in future, dear boy, and lend it on your watch.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

UPWARD EVER!

No, we really cannot help it: we must—we absolutely *must* find some outlet for our jubilation at the vast, the continued, success of that absolutely unrivalled Ha'p'nny Story Paper, *Quips*. We know we've said something about this marvellous production before, but we do not care—*Quips* is such a scorcher. We know we may be accused of bragging. We don't mind; *Quips* is such a knockout. We are aware that there are some benighted beings who still don't take in the paper regularly. What of it? They will in time. *Quips* is bound to fetch 'em. Just speculate one little ha'penny, and cast your eyes over those anecdotes, shriek at those jokes, roar at those short stories, pore, entranced, over those three thrilling serials, and wind up with all the other odds and ends and interesting information, and—well, you're bound to go for *Quips* weekly ever after. It's really the most stupendous literary production of this or any other age.

***

WHAT does it mean? Although we are right in the midst of the shooting season, not a single hamper of game has yet been received at "The Sloperies." This is a change with a vengeance. "Game" was so plentiful last year that we had on several occasions to bribe the Office Boy to relieve us of some of it. Can it be that cats are less numerous this year than last, or is it that Sloperites have degenerated in their shooting?

***

THE prolonged drought during the recent summer months, however it may have been regretted by farmers and others, has been thoroughly acceptable to the feminine sex generally. Loveliness does not shine to advantage during wet weather, a fact with which she is well conversant. A bedraggled skirt is an eyesore at all times, and, however useful may be the waterproof, it can by no stretch of the imagination be considered ornamental. Besides, it assists to hide up the finery and fal-de-lals so dear to the hearts of womankind, and this fact alone suffices to condemn it.

***

THE Dilapidated Diplomat has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon PRINCE CHIRA, *because he loves his* "SLOPER." "Feyther," lisped the Azure-Orbed, "I'm right glad to see this—I am, indeed; 'cos the Prince is evidently a real good fellow, besides being one who knows wot's wot. Do you think, feyther, that he'd mind usin' 'is influence with his pa, the King of Siam, to get me an appointment as Lord Chamberlain, or Grand Vizier, or somethink at the Court?" And the Agèd beamed brightly upon his son and heir, and promised faithfully to see what could be done.

***

THE following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:

> REQUIRED, by two German gentlemen (great musicians), PARTIAL BOARD and RESIDENCE with respectable English or French private family.

"Great musicians" sounds a bit suspicious, doesn't it; especially when we consider that the advertisers hail from the Fatherland? What if they should be prominent members of a German band, with a partiality for practising at unholy hours? We shouldn't like to live next door to those "great musicians," anyhow.

***

THE Gaiety Theatre is gay once again. *In Town* is in the provinces, paradoxical though the statement seemeth, but the delightful *La Mascotte* reigneth in its stead. The revival of this delightful comic opera is not, we should imagine, a step which the management will regret, to judge from the reports of crowded and enthusiastic houses which nightly welcome Audran's tuneful work. And it is no off season company which has been engaged to interpret it, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, Miss Florence St. John, Mr. Wallace Brownlow and Mr. Robert Pateman figuring in the powerful cast. All London must go and see *La Mascotte* again, as all London saw it in the days gone by.

***

READERS of that bright and ever-blooming comic, *Larks!* will be relieved to hear that there is no truth in the statement that "The Ball's Pond Banditti" have been raising funds from a well-known sausage purveyor upon the security of the faithful Bocco. The ruthless band is a bit short just now, perhaps; but this vile calumny—never!

THAT dogs are the most intelligent of the animal creation is a generally accepted fact, but they will have to look well to their laurels, or else they will find themselves supplanted by the elephant. Three of these enormous beasts are now on exhibition at the London Pavilion Music-Hall, and the manner in which they go through their performances reflects great credit upon their trainer, George Lockhart. Besides the elephants, Edward Swanborough has gathered round him a company of exceptional strength. Doctor Dan Leno is there, as also is Charles Godfrey; whilst Albert Chevalier is to the front with several new Coster songs, but perhaps the brightest particular star of the programme is Cissie Loftus. Her performance savours of the marvellous, and five minutes of her company suffices to put the audience in good humour for the remainder of the evening.

***

THE libel action brought by the Hon. Billy against *Larks!* in consequence of some alleged detrimental statements made concerning him by that unrivalled ha'porth, has been settled out of court. Upon undertaking to supply Billy with two Bath buns and a stone ginger every day for a week, the Honourable has foregone all further claims. *Larks!* will evidently have to be careful.

***

JUST in a like manner that A. SLOPER is the acknowledged wit of the House of Commons, so is Lord Rosebery the humorist of the Lords. He has the reputation of blurting out funny little things of his own, that tickle both Opposition and Government, with a face as solemn as an Egyptian mummy's. And yet there are people who would do away with the House of Lords!

***

SEVERAL Sloperites have written to us enquiring whether we are conversant with the fact that Christmas is coming. Why, cert'nly, and so is "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS." We are preparing it now: working at it like slaves, in fact. It is going to knock corners off every other publication extant. It is going to—but there, there, that is enough for one dose.

***

STILL another Quarter Day! What a pity the Commons do not pass an Act abolishing all such periods. While they are about it, too, they might do away with all rates and taxes, together with landlords and such-like canine. Nothing irritates a man more than the fact that by a certain day in a certain month he will have to contribute in rent and such-like, towards the support of the bloated capitalist. This is an unequal world; some there are whose whole lives seem to be one continual grind of the mill—an eternal fight to live, in fact. And, as for those whose luck it is to hold the coin—well, the best that can be said of them is that they know too well how to stick to it. A prosperous man is never generous, or only rarely so. So, under all circumstances, a calling-in of all capital, and fresh redistribution, would meet with general approbation.

***

A CONTEMPORARY comments upon the rapidly increasing interest women are displaying in things political. We are sorry to hear this—very sorry indeed. Once let the woman politician become an accepted evil, and one of the most deadly blows will be struck at the cherished institution of matrimony. Only think for a moment of the awful possibilities of a Tory wife with a Home Rule husband!

***

A CONTEMPORARY says: "Men marry because they are tired, and women because they are curious." And yet the man gets a mother-in-law, and the woman is eternally curious as to how her husband spends his evenings. Wonderful, isn't it?

***

IT says not a little for the vast popularity of the Empire Spectacular productions to hear that that tasteful and tuneful ballet, *Round the Town*, which was withdrawn last week, had run for no less than three hundred and ten nights. Of the new production, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, produced last Wednesday for the first time, we shall doubtless have something particularly nice to say next week.

***

THE Editor of *Larks!* has wisely declined a proffered contribution by Miss Nellie Hikiks, entitled, "*How to Succeed in the Chorus*." As a matter of fact, the whole article is nothing more nor less than a big advertisement for Miss N. H., and England's brightest ha'porth isn't taking any, thank you.

***

THE convenient and extensive grounds of the ill-fated Alexandra Palace were thrown open to the public on September 16th, for the first time since Baldwin, the parachutist, drew such huge crowds there four years ago. The occasion was a Cavalry Display and Open-Air Fête, by squads of the 2nd Life Guards, the Middlesex and Hertfordshire Yeomanry, and the Honourable Artillery Company. The various well-known forms of military sport, such as cleaving the Turk's head, tent-pegging, etc., provoked much enthusiasm, and it was ten thousand pities that wet weather put a damper on the open-air concert which was to have brought a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's entertainment to a close.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 7TH OCTOBER, 1893.

1st October, 1714.—Thomas Britton, the celebrated "musical small-coal man" was buried this day in a vault at St James's, Clerkenwell. His house, in which he held his musical meetings, was at the north-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, on the site afterwards occupied by the Bull's Head Inn. "His hut, wherein he dwells," says his neighbour, Edward Ward, "which has long been honoured with such good company, looks, without side, as if some of his ancestors had happened to be executors to old snarling Diogenes, and that they had carefully transplanted the Athenian tub into Clerkenwell, for his house is not much bigger than a canary-pipe, and the window of his state-room but very little bigger than the bunghole of a cask. His death was no less singular than his life. A blacksmith ventriloquist being introduced to him announced, in an assumed supernatural voice, that unless he immediately fell upon his knees and repeated the Lord's Prayer, he would die within a few hours. The terrified small-coal man immediately did as he was told, but the fright was too much for him, and he actually died, aged upwards of sixty, within a few days.

2nd October, 1732.—A new play-house in Goodman's Fields was opened this day. Here Garrick made his first appearance as Richard III. Strype, speaking of the farm in Goodman's Fields, says, "I, myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny-worth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in winter, always hot from the kine."

3rd October, 1818.—Tom Moore, under this date, tells how Sheridan flew into a rage with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay by making them so comfortable.

4th October, 1888.—In a newspaper of this date is given an account of a medical student, aged thirty-six, living at Kingstown, Ireland, who, in a fit of temporary insanity, tore both his eyes from their sockets.

5th October, 1837.—The Queen this day visited Brighton, where she met with a splendid reception, and was presented with an address. Fashionable Brighton was once a great smuggling centre. These lines on the Brighton donkeys are curious:

> "Though Balaam's ass got many a thwack,
> Yet was his fortune rare,
> He bore a Prophet on his back,
> And saw an *Angel* fair.
>
> "Is not your fortune far more bright,
> Ye Brighton donkeys, say?
> Who carry *Spirits** every night,
> And *Angels* every day?"

* Donkeys were formerly used at Brighton for smuggling.

6th October, 1877.—This day Gale, at Lillie Bridge, completed his walk of 1500 miles in 1000 hours. He did his last mile and a half in 15 min. 56 sec. He was 45 years of age, 5 ft. 3½ in. in height, and weighed 8 st. 4 lb.

7th October, 1792.—Harriett White, one of the aged inmates of the Croydon Union Infirmary, who was baptised this day, died at the age of 102. She was twice married, her second husband dying some twenty-two years before. She left a daughter seventy-five years of age, and two sons, aged respectively seventy-three and seventy-one years. With the exception that she was blind through cataract, she was down to the last in the possession of her faculties, and was on Christmas Day visited by the Mayor of Croydon, who had a chat with her. It is remarked upon as a singular fact that she brought with her into the infirmary a parcel containing the articles of clothing she wished to be buried in, and which she prepared more than thirty years previously, and it is said that her desire in this respect was carried out to the letter.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

SINCE last I took my Maud to sup,
My assets have been nix;
She wolfed up "natives" by the score
(Per dozen, four-and-six).
And, oh! the drink she put away—
The Chablis and champagne;
I'll take good care she never gets
The chance from me again.
And as upon that awful bill
I gazed in mute surprise,
How fervently I wished she'd pledged
Me only with her eyes.

A SOUND PATERNAL OBJECTION.

"BUT, papa, Adolphus and I literally adore one another: he worships the very ground I walk on, and (though he is by no means beyond a desirable age) he is not a silly, giddy boy, who has given way to his first amorous emotions."

"Nevertheless, Edwina, it is not with my consent that you will encourage him. Indeed, I have serious thoughts about taking the matter into my own hands, and forbidding him the house."

"But, papa, dear, why this sudden aversion to dear Dolphy? Prior to last night, when, in the most honourable and straightforward manner, he called upon you and stated his prospects, you said you thought him such a 'worthy' young man——"

"I did, my darling; I did. But he said certain things to me over which I have pondered long and earnestly, and, having my darling child's very best interests at heart, I feel bound to forbid——"

"Oh! papa, papa—tell me—tell me all! He has made some horrible confession?"

"Well—er—I'm bound to say he has."

"Oh! merciful hevvings!—he is a drunkard; he loves strong drink?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no! I didn't say that he loved strong——"

"Then he loves another? Oh, speak!"

"I will. He didn't *say* so; personally, I don't suspect anything of *that* kind——"

"Then he is infatuated with horse-racing?"

"Not a pin's head! I—er—rather wish he was. I wouldn't mind winning a bit over the Cesarewitch on a son-in-law's tip."

"Father, father! how *can* you? But be serious; *why* may I not marry Adolphus Japhet Ballfive?"

"Because, my darling, I love to have you near me. I couldn't bear to think of you both, in a few years' time, exiled in South America."

"*South America!* Whatever are you thinking of?"

"Simply this, dear. He tells me he's engaged at present in floating a society for the investment of the savings of the poor—the Emancipator Building Society he calls it—and—er—well, of course, you know what *that* means? Just as your honeymoon was waning he'd get bowled out and have to skip. No, Winnie, dear, go in for a responsible man—say a respectable scavenger, with a well-established crossing—but no benevolent society promoters, thank you!"

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A LIGHT (AND FANTASTIC) SCIENCE!

[A Lady Lecturer has been endeavouring to prove that Dancing is really a Science.]

A LADY renowned
For wisdom most sound,
And whose lectures, indeed, are entrancing,
A change doth impart [art—
To Terpsichore's
For she says there is *Science* in Dancing!
Each dance-tutor of fame
Will write after his name
"D.D."—that name's value enhancing;
And when any ask, "Why?"
He will doubtless reply:
"'D.D.' stands for Doctor of Dancing!"

E'en our *savants*, and such,
Sweet, fair partners may clutch—
In schottische, waltz, or polka entrancing;
And the stern "unco' gude"
May not think it so rude,
When they learn there is Science in Dancing!

"SHE WORE A WORRIED LOOK."

THERE had been a strange, worried expression upon the surpassingly beautiful face of the fair Emmeline Starseylup for the last three-quarters of an hour; almost, indeed, since the entrance of the tall, stalwart young stockjobber who was one day to lead her to the altar, and he, with the quick eyes of love, was not slow to notice the change in her usually radiant countenance. A dull, chill fear smote him, sending a cold shiver through him, as though a penny ice had suddenly found its way into the small of his back, and, with a sinking heart and failing voice, he asked, timidly, "Emmeline, what—what ails you this evening? You seem sad—sad and pensive. Tell me, darling! what is it that worries you?"

The fair girl turned her lustrous grey orbs full upon her lover. "George," she said, firmly, "do not ask me; never would I willingly have a secret from you; but this—no, George, you must not question me."

The young man paled the colour of a boarding-house pie-crust; but, rapidly mastering his emotion, he returned to his attack.

"Darling," he pleaded, "this silence must not be. I cannot, I will not bear it. Say—say, dearest—what has caused this look of distress, of pitiful, doubting perplexity? You have something on your mind, something you dare not or fear to tell me. Dearest, as you love me, do not withhold it. My queen, I cannot — cannot bear the terrible, the awful thought that you are not frank with me."

But Emmeline remained firm. The strong man's touching eloquence could not move her. "No, George," she said, decidedly, "you have had my answer: I can give you no other."

But he still persisted. "Emmeline," he said, hoarsely, "this must not be. Such love as mine brooks no doubting fears. Tell me," he added, chokingly, "has—has some villain come between us? Have you learnt to love another?"

Emmeline rose suddenly, and drew herself to her full stately height. "George," she said, "only a cruel suspicion like that could have opened my lips; but to have you doubt me is more than I can bear. Learn, then, that for the last hour I've been suffering positive torture from one of Fido's fleas, and I was wondering how long it would be before you said 'Good-bye,' and gave me a decent chance to scratch myself."

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

Hothead. Bah! I hate the brute. I've a great mind to openly assault him in the street.

Coolnob. Take my advice, old chap; take my advice—*batter* not.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

MARY MENDOZA.

IT'S hard to be told you are lying.
When truly the truth you are telling. [flying,
It's hard, when the night-hours are
To wake while your twins are a-yelling.
It's hard that, in SLOPER'S Vagaries,
His heart is with pain so oft riven.
It's hard to believe that Miss Mary's
Not really an angel from heaven!

It's hard if your landlord, out strolling, [meets you:
On a moon-shooting escapade
It's hard, when at daylight home rolling, [greets you.
If your wife with a broom-handle
It's hard if one's best-beloved fairy
Turns out to be faithless and flirty.
It's hard to believe that Miss Mary
Is really a creature of thirty!

It's hard when a fellow severely
Gets kicked for performing his duty.
It's hard when you find that it's merely [beauty.
Cosmetics you've worshipped as
It's hardest of all, if to Mary
Mendoza your love you've been giving,
To learn that the seeming young fairy
Has a spouse and five little ones living!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, *September 10th*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I am much honoured and obliged by the "Award of Merit" you have so kindly sent me. I enclose my photograph, and remain, yours faithfully, FREDERIC H. COWEN.

48 CROMWELL ROAD, PATRICROFT, *September 16th*, 1893.

MY DEAR ALLY,—I take the liberty of sending you the following: Last Easter Sunday, in a certain village church, the Hallelujah Chorus was being sung, and an old woman, who is rather deaf, was heard singing lustily the name of the F.O.M., "ALLY SLOPER, ALLY SLOPER, ALLY SLO-PER-R-R." It is evident she must have been a *very* keen subscriber to the "HALF-HOLIDAY." Here's another for you: Outside a certain tailor's shop in the town of Eccles there is painted on the window, "Walk in." A witty young man, thinking this a good opportunity for displaying his wit, walked in. He stood before the counter in silence, till at length the shopman said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "Nothing, thank you." "Well, then, why did you come in?" "Because your notice told me to walk in." "Well, then, walk out again!" roared the shopman.

Yours truly, C. G. P.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 185.—HE ASSISTS PROFESSOR VICTOR IN AN ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

FROM his cosy abode in the Liverpool Road,
Maurice Victor, Professor of Legerdemain,
Sought a bower in the City, where, blithesome and witty,
We journalist dogs of the Fleet and Shoe Lane
Had assembled together in jolly high feather
To pass at a "smoker" some jubilant hours,
And Professor M.V. was to heighten our glee
By a timely display of his conjuring powers.

When the wizard, so gay, in his matchless way,
Had with SLOPER'S big bottle done mysteries deep,
And had handled awhile the SLOPERIAN tile
In a merciless style that caused SLOPER to weep;
When his wonders so weird we had woundily cheered,
He exclaimed: "From the cavern so gloomy and damp,
Where for years it has lain, I will conjure again—
And here show you—Aladdin's thrice wonderful lamp!
Then, as soon as you've gazed on the vessel I've raised
(The most marvellous relic creation doth hold),
With a magic command and a wave of my hand
I'll detrude it once more to its cavern so cold!"

Now, A. SLOPER was stirred, when this statement he heard,
With emotions that thrilled all his heart to its core.
"If that rarest of prizes my hand (when it rises)
Can snatch, I'll be poor as a church mouse no more!
For the Slaves of the Lamp from that cavern so damp
Must arise and appear at the owner's desire,
And at once to him bring whatsoever good thing
He demands, though they travel thro' flood and thro' fire!"

So the shogwunk so wily crept round very slily
To where on the platform M. Victor was standing:
And when words cabalistic and notions most mystic
Succeeded, and up from the netherland landing
Came the Wonderful Lamp: the SLOPERIAN scamp
Sought to grab it, ere back into earth it could go.
But the wizard, not hearing the crafty one nearing,
Hit old Tagrag's proboscis a terrible blow!

Then the Lamp glided back to its cave, and the smack
Caused the nose of A. SLOPER to bleed beyond measure.
And, with wits ever clear cried young Victor, "Why, here
Is the Slave of the Lamp, who has followed his treasure!
And that Slave must obey, in obsequious way,
Any order I give; so I charge him right roundly
That, for daring to poke his long nose in my joke,
He retire to the green-room and kick himself soundly!"

Every Thursday. One Halfpenny.

QUIPS.

A Story Paper for all Ages, Sexes and Sizes.

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE SUICIDE'S INCONSISTENCY.

[Witness the number of suicides recently committed in public places.]

WHEN some poor sufferer, mad to find
Grief's shafts against him ceaseless hurled,
Eventually makes up his mind
To make his exit from the world.
He leaves an anguished scrawl for those
To read who find him lifeless laid.
And his disjointed words disclose
That he would have no uproar made
About him by excited men.
He wants his poor shot body shot
Into some nameless grave, and then
His life for evermore forgot!

Yet we poor mortals dearly like
(For what strange reason who can say?)
Into our neighbours' hearts to strike
Intense excitement when we may:
The imbecile desire to make
Our fellow-creatures gasp for breath,
And with unlooked-for horror quake,
Is not extinguished e'en in death.
The self-doomed wretch, who begs us not
To make a fuss about his fate,
Makes his quietus in some spot
Where countless people congregate!

NOT WHAT HE BARGAINED FOR.

LITTLE Caddy had been vigorously puffing one of his "five-a-shilling" on the 'bus roof, and the fair creature behind had been coming in for the smoke. "I hope you don't object to cigars!" he asked, suddenly turning round upon her with a would-be engaging smile. "Oh! not at all," she responded, quickly—"I love them. Do smoke one, please, instead of that awful thing, will you?"

[*But Caddy suddenly remembered he had to get down at the next corner!*

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SHORT Commons: The House of Parliament, when a quorum cannot be formed.

SUITABLE for Curling Ladies' Back Hair: The "Hinde" hair-curlers.

THE word "forthwith," though it only contains two syllables, is, nevertheless, acted on the *forth*.

DE Pro.-fund-is: The Actors' Benevolent Fund. It comes chiefly out of professionals.

BELLE, Book and Candle: Tootsie Sloper reading a novel in bed.

OF what island does SLOPER, ordering a bottle of cheap claret, remind you?—Medoc-asker.

A ROMANCE OF THE "LAUGHING SAL."

(A TALE OF THE CALM CANAL.)

CHAPTER III.

THE knowledge that the young marquis he had got on board the *Laughing Sal* had a comprehensive voice which ranged over the whole gamut, was another perplexing thought to Josiah Bradley. The ability to yell at intervals was not conspicuously alluded to in the penny novelette of his acquaintances. The baby of romance had always been a blue-eyed thing, which had at once captivated its benefactor by its smiles. This baby was quite the reverse of that style of infantile humanity. It refused to smile; and whether it was blue-eyed or not was a mystery, because it persisted in jamming its knuckles into its eyes and yelling all the time.

A drink of rum.

Captain Josiah Bradley felt himself in a grave responsibility. His duty to the *Laughing Sal* and its valuable cargo of bricks demanded that he should not neglect his navigation, and the calls of humanity and romance insisted that the little waif should not starve.

He decided to call a council. The man on horseback was not invited. He had shown an utter absence of sympathy when the child was rescued, and usually exhibited a moroseness of temper which suggested that he had no romance about him, and the captain wisely decided not to count his opinion.

The members of the council were Captain Josiah Bradley, the mate, and the boy, and they assembled together upon the deck of the barge wearing looks of gravity and importance as befitted an occasion of so much moment.

The mate was asked by the president of the council if he knew how to soothe a baby.

The mate thought it would be a good plan to give it a drink of rum and a plug of tobacco to chew on. Babies always had something to chew when he had seen 'em, and he thought that tobacco was a sustaining and comforting kind of thing.

Feeling the baby.

Captain Bradley growled, "Get out!" and asked the boy.

Boy said probably baby was hungry. Believed babies were always hungry. Knew his little brothers and sisters had always been hungry. Believed proper thing was pap. Thought he could make pap.

Boy was ordered to try. He tried, and succeeded wonderfully. As being experienced by reason of having had brothers and sisters in so recent recollection, boy also fed baby, and baby cheered up wonderfully for a time, and once more yelled. Got more pap and yelled. Had too much pap and was ill and yelled, and between times yelled for nothing more nor less than for pure downright cussedness.

Captain Bradley spent a woeful night. The cabin of a canal boat is not the best place in the world to soothe a child. It lacks the space necessary for the promenade which a self-respecting child likes its lawful guardian to undertake in light and airy garments just at the time when he would prefer to be asleep. Captain Bradley wore himself out when it was his watch below, and when it came to his turn on deck, he had still to struggle with that child, and at the same time to preserve the *Laughing Sal* from the dangers of canal traffic. Sometimes the baby would sleep a little, and Captain Bradley would smile softly to himself, but it was only for a brief time, and when baby woke up again the row was resumed.

Boy took turns to relieve the captain, but the increased responsibilities were evidently too much to encounter. Ere twelve hours were over, Captain Josiah Bradley had come to the conclusion that if he was to live long enough to see the young marquis restored to his rightful honours, someone else must do the nursing. His moral faculties were to some extent aroused, and he felt that true profanity, which he found comforting in most circumstances, were inadequate with a baby.

A double duty.

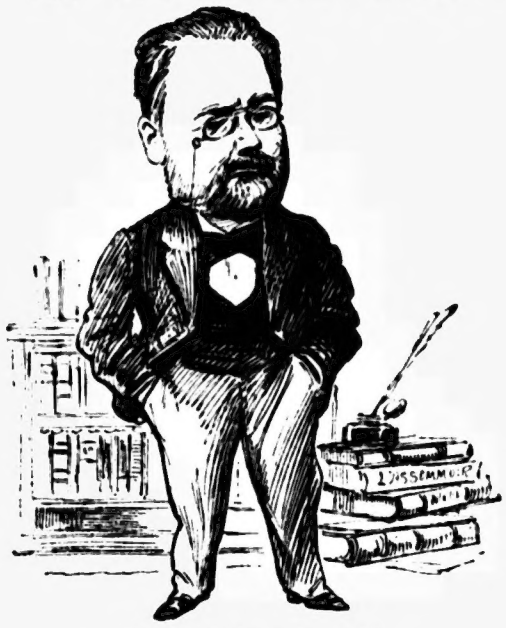
But to whom could he trust the baby? Captain Bradley was unmarried; he had no sisters, nor cousins nor aunts. He did not even have a landlady. His residential as well as his buiness address were the same—the *Laughing Sal*, wherever she might be.

Long and deeply he thought at the intervals of leisure afforded him by the youthful marquis, and at last he slapped his knee with an air of satisfaction, and exclaimed:

"Mary Somers, at the Long Loop Lock, will keep him!"

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

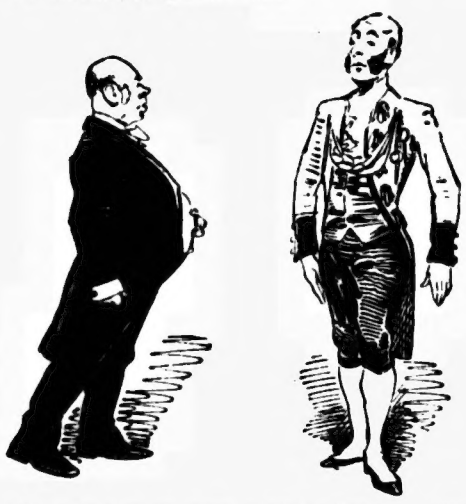


No. 327.—M. Emile Zola, F.O.S.

"No more fitting opportunity than the present could be found for presenting the portrait of M. Zola to our myriad readers, for is not the famous novelist at last among us? has he not with that intrepidity which ever characterises the actions of the truly great, braved the perils of the Channel, left his beloved Paris, and come to sojourn for awhile in perfidious Albion to see for himself what manner of men are her inhabitants? Our hero, we believe, had no intention at first of embarking upon the troublous waters of literature, but happening one day to have nothing better to do he sat down and knocked off a letter to a leading newspaper on the 'State of the Bois de Boulogne,' and followed it up with another equally startling epistle on 'A Paris Danger.' It being the Gooseberry Season both these communications were accepted and duly appeared, and thus were the first seeds of literary ambition planted in the future novelist's heart. Becoming convinced that there was something in him, he invested in quills, ink and paper, and plunged into novel-writing without more ado, and by his fearless criticism of the various phrases of French society, and his extreme partiality for calling a spade a spade, has risen high upon the ladder of fame. Chiefly because he's a famous realist he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him September 9th, 1893."—*Debrett Improved.*

She. The census shows there are ever so many more girls than fellows.

He. Oh yes; but we only—but we only—after the pretty ones, Miss Toothsome, the uglier don't count.



"Is it dinner at one and supper at hate 'ere, Tummas?" "No, Mr. Cadby, dinner at nine and *day-junior* at two."

FANCY R.A. PORTRAITS.
No. 9.—Coop her.

BRUTE!

Clara. My shoe is full of sand. Will you remove it?

Charley. Certainly! Wait a minute, and I'll borrow my little brother's spade.

A SNAPSHOT ON THE SANDS.
A pair of seaside ducks.

First Robber. Yer money or yer life?

Sir Christopher Hatton-Garden. Friend, of a surety, I do perceive thou gettest thy weapons from the land of Germany. I prithee, take my life—*if thou canst!*

AN ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

(1) Bill Snaggs, of Puddle Fen, had been out gleaving eels and had stopped at the Pike and Quartpot to "wet" his catch. "If I don't (hic!) mind wot I'm a-doin' on I shall fall in the bloomin' dyke d'reckly!——(2) "Thar! Wot'd I tell yer? Hor, hor! Slap through the bloomin' turf-cap! 'Ave a (hic!) doss now."——(3) *Professor Mugly (with suppressed excitement).* My dear Mr. Bounder! What a truly interesting and valuable discovery! I can hardly believe my eyes! Here is a most amazing proof of the preserving quality of peat. Observe this ancient British warrior, buried in a sitting position, helmet on head and weapon in hand. Even his clothing appears to be perfect.——(4) "Yaas!" observed Bounder. "Looks as fresh as paint, don't he? I'll just prod up his 'wishing-bone' a bit with this, to see if he's got any more hardware about him, you know, eh? and then——"——(5) Bill Snaggs, waking up suddenly: "Take that, yer pickpocketin' vagabones! Can't a man git boosel and lay in his own dyke 'thout your comin' and stickin' gleaves in his breast-bone? You take an' dub up ten bob each for damages—sharp, or I'll 'ave yer locked hup in two twos!" Then Professor Mugly recognised the fact that even scientists may err occasionally, and had to part up like a man.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED

Claribelle.

"Please, sir, mother's lost your collars—but she's sent you some of Billy's instead."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Him. Going to favour us with a sonata?

Her. I'll play fust—and I'll sing soon-arter.

London: Printed at the Camden Press, 110 High Street, N.W., and Published by the Proprietor, Gilbert Dalziel, at "*The Sloperies*," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.—Saturday, September 30, 1893.